

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

The Queen's Niece: The Hon. Mrs. John Wills with her Children

The wife of Captain John Lycett Wills was the Hon. Jean Elphinstone before her marriage in 1936, and is the second daughter of Lord Elphinstone and Lady Elphinstone, elder sister of the Queen. Her Majesty is godmother to her great-nephew, Andrew Wills, who is five years old, while his sister, Susan, was born in 1940. Captain John Wills, who is in the Life Guards, is a nephew of Sir Ernest Wills, Bt., of Littlecote and Meggernie Castle, Perthshire. Mrs. Wills's elder brother, Captain the Master of Elphinstone, was taken prisoner in 1940, while serving with the Black Watch



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Christian Political Bloc

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS is in the news again. His association with the Archbishop of Canterbury on public platforms of late has made many headlines and has caused much gossip in the political clubs. There is a possibility that Sir Stafford will give us even bigger headlines before long and cause a much greater sensation. There are rumours that he is about to resign from the Government. At the time of writing these rumours have not been confirmed by fact, but most politicians know that Sir Stafford has been asking the Prime Minister for certain definite assurances about the future policy of the Government. Mr. Ernest Bevin has been acting as mediator between the two. This is one of the most interesting political developments of recent months. It may be followed by other developments.

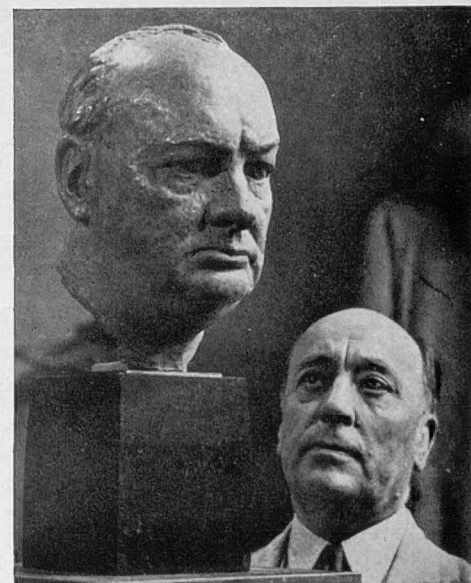
It must be recognised that Sir Stafford's association with the Archbishop is no chance affair. They are united in their belief that religion must play a vital part in the politics of the future. Sir Stafford is said to be convinced that religious revival is at hand in this country and that Christianity linked with politics can give our national life and our future influence on the world a new vitality. If Sir Stafford resigns from the Government, it is thought that he will form a new political bloc consisting of Christian Socialists. There are those who believe that the plans for this new movement have been carefully laid, hence Sir Stafford's insistence on a definite understanding with the Prime Minister.

Of all the political figures this country has produced in recent years, Sir Stafford is outstanding. His rise to a position of political influence has been meteoric. He entered the House of Commons and made his first speech

from the Treasury Bench as Solicitor-General in the second Labour Government in 1930. Having relinquished this position he sat as a back bencher, whose speeches were tinged with extremism and conviction, but whose political approaches were always unconventional. Sir Stafford is a man with a mission. He sincerely believes that his views are the right views and that he was born to lead his fellow men in the right way. The right way, in his case, is what Conservatives would call the Left way. As Leader of the House of Commons, Sir Stafford has not been a pronounced success. Whether this is due to inexperience or personal defiance of the traditional manoeuvres of political life in this country is not yet clear. But Sir Stafford does not appear to be a man who likes opposition.

Other Changes

MORE Cabinet changes are being talked about. It is usual at this time of the year for the gossips to resume their speculation. It is said that Mr. Churchill may decide to make a fairly extensive re-shuffle of his colleagues. Obviously this decision will depend on Sir Stafford Cripps to a large extent. But it would not surprise me if there were not changes at the Admiralty, and possibly at the War Office. Of course, there is an overriding consideration in all these matters which neither the Prime Minister nor the politicians who speculate about their chances of power and the capabilities of those in office can overlook. It is the course of the war. This may change at any moment. When all is said and done, it is a life and death struggle. The struggle for victory transcends everything else. If at some moment in the near future the war develops into new channels, politics and politicians will have to take a back seat.



A Sculptor and His Work

Sir William Reid Dick is seen with his bust of Mr. Churchill, which was a gift to the Prime Minister from the Royal Academy. Sir William Reid Dick is the King's Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland, and among his notable works is the tomb of King George V in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Astute Politician

BREAKING with the tradition he has established at the Kremlin, Stalin jumped into the arena of power politics the other day. His replies to questions put to him in a letter by an American newspaper man were a manifestation of his political astuteness. The effect was to keep the Second Front Pot boiling. Without directly appealing for immediate aid, or minimising the power of Russia to deal with Hitler, he implied that Britain and America ought to get on with their plans. Most significant was his statement that he hoped the Allies would fulfil their obligations fully and on time. This indicates that Stalin has in his possession a definite undertaking from the Allies. If this is true the question might be asked why did Stalin think it necessary to reply to the correspondent's



The Maharaja Inspects an Anti-aircraft Gun

The Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, one of the Indian representatives of the War Cabinet and Pacific Defence Council, recently toured Scottish ports. He visited warships and Indian Naval and Merchant Navy personnel, and is here seen inspecting an anti-aircraft gun. The Maharaja, who was educated at Malvern and London University, is a nephew of "Ranji," the famous cricketer.



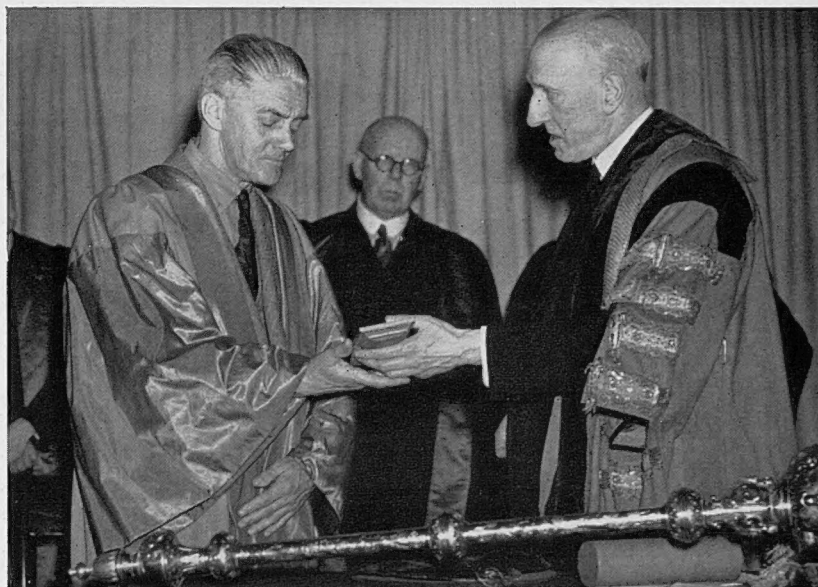
"Supy" Salutes the Director of the W.R.N.S.

Mrs. Laughton Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S., took the salute and inspected 300 Sea Rangers when they paraded in Kensington Gardens recently. "Supy" the duck, mascot of the Sea Rangers, was introduced to her. Mrs. Laughton Mathews was Sea Ranger Coxswain for London before the war.



United Aid to China Exhibition in London

Lady Cripps, the Bishop of Hong Kong, and Lady Willingdon were at the private view of the representative exhibition of Chinese art, at 13 Lower Regent Street, headquarters of the United Aid to China Fund, to which the proceeds are to go. Lady Cripps is the very active president and the Bishop the chairman of the Fund



Lord Nuffield at the Royal College of Surgeons

Lord Nuffield was presented with the honorary medal of the Royal College of Surgeons by Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, president of the Royal College. The presentation was made as an appreciation of his services to medicine. Mrs. Winston Churchill was one of those present at the Royal College for the ceremony

letter. In their own interests the Allies cannot afford to waste a moment. By his replies Stalin has raised doubts in the minds of many people in this country and the United States. Probably Stalin has some object in this. He may want to assure action on the part of the Allies. He may want to muster sympathy for Russia with a political purpose in mind. I don't know. But I do believe that Stalin is as astute a politician as Hitler ever was. In fact, it can be said that he is on the way to beating Hitler at his own game of power politics. In this game of power politics I believe the people of this country have only one role to play, and that is to support the Government. The Prime Minister and the Chiefs of Staff, with the War Cabinet, are the only people who can know and decide how, when and where to launch the death blow at Hitler. They have given their word that it will be done and we must support them.

Roosevelt's Reaction

ONE of the most significant aspects of the Stalin letter was the reaction in London and Washington. Neither President Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill would comment on Stalin's reply. They were content to allow events to clarify a difficult situation. President Roosevelt is more deeply involved than Mr. Churchill. Mr. Wendell Willkie's outspokenness increases in forthrightness. His comments at Chungking are most revealing and sooner or later they will call for a reply. He implies that the Atlantic Charter has not the full support of all the signatories. Actually he is misinformed about this, or has become the victim of Chinese fears and propaganda. President Roosevelt is determined to free China and for his policy has won over the complete support of Mr. Churchill. There is no misunderstanding about the future policy of Britain and the United States towards China after the war. They will act together. But apparently Mr. Willkie is not satisfied with this, he wants them to act now and declare that China will be free of all foreign intervention when the war ends.

Inside Germany

THE meaning of Hitler's recent speech has been made clear by Goering. As one of the most influential of the Nazis he has told the German people quite bluntly that there is little



Pearl Freeman
Captain C. Alexandris, R.H.N.

The Greek Naval Attaché in London, Director of Mercantile Marine, and Senior Officer in Charge of Greek Naval Forces in the United Kingdom, has seen active service in the first and second Balkan Wars, in the Great War, and the Greco-Turkish War, 1921-1922, and in this one, before taking up his present appointments in 1941

chance of a German victory. All the vain boastings of the past have been brushed aside by Goering's admission that at the moment he can do nothing to stop Britain bombing Germany. The two speeches taken together must make depressing reading for the Germans. They are warned that henceforward it is to be a defensive war. Now is the testing time of the Nazi political machine. Can it hold down the home front? In the past it has been most effective in making and moulding German life. The machine has imposed years of hardship and repression most successfully. It has organised mass hate and mass ambition. Now it has to organise mass resistance to a world full of enemies. The Germans are docile followers of their leaders, but they are also

courageous people. Knowing the worst, as they now must, we can expect that for the time being at any rate they will stand behind Hitler and Goering. They will fight hard to stave off the inevitability of their fate. For now the fear which has lurked in the minds of all intelligent Germans is about to be realised. Hitler and Goering have asked them for the supreme effort. We are certainly entering a new phase of the war. The penultimate phase?

Ship Genius

SURELY one of the most remarkable men of our time is Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, who is setting up world shipbuilding records in the United States. Nothing seems to deter him, no obstacle can obstruct his will to construct more and more ships, more and more quickly. Lately he wanted a new shipyard, but was told that even if there was a shipyard there would be no machinery and no cranes to fit it out. So he built cranes from scrap, organised all the other necessary equipment and got a shipyard working in two months. He has fully justified America's claim to be world hustlers. All the same, I think it would be a good idea if more publicity were given to the shipbuilding feats of our builders on the Clyde, the Tyne and the Mersey. Remarkable records have been set up. Up-to-date ships have been constructed and sent to sea quicker than ever before. But nothing has been said about them. Why?

Political Commando

LIKE his father in the last war, the present Lord Lovat has made a name for himself as a gallant soldier. In appearance—the handsome face, clear eyes, strong mouth—he is every inch a soldier. He is more a soldier than a politician. He went to the House of Lords the other day and was brutally frank about politicians and about those who, however unwittingly, undermine the national cause by criticising our generals. It was the speech of a man—a young man—who was born to lead and inspire men in the field. In the calm and dignified atmosphere of the House of Lords the speech came like a blast of ozone. It was refreshing, sincere and unpolitical. Afterwards Lord Lovat received many congratulations, and next day the award of the D.S.O. for his gallantry at Dieppe.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

One Thing and Another

By James Agate

IT was Sunday evening. It was wet and cold. It was six o'clock and the pubs were shut. I was standing at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road wondering what other race except the British would arrange to make itself completely and utterly miserable on one day in every seven. And then I remembered the Dominion Cinema. Whereupon I, almost the doyen of film critics—I have been writing about films since 1921—paid cash to the extent of four and sixpence for the privilege of standing up until there

would be room to sit down. As I had expected, I had seen the film before. Some nonsense about Bette Davis trying to glamourise the Bad Girl of the Family. So I half-watched the picture and thought yet again what a wonderful Hedda Gabler our Bette would be. On the screen, of course.

ONE of the difficulties about Ibsen's, as I believe, best play is that the actress who plays Hedda must not be too good-looking. We know that Hedda was under-vitalised and under-sexed, but this does not prevent numbers of women from marrying. Why did Hedda feel herself in danger of being left on the shelf at twenty-nine? Why were what she describes as "the other adorers" not prepared to provide for her? Were they afraid of her brains? Did they sense danger? Lövborg wanted her in the past, Judge Brack wants her now, and even that poor fish Tesman must have wanted her sometime. But Hedda must not, I think, be shown as a great beauty, who, if she had not hooked her ridiculous husband, would have become a Paula Tanqueray by calculation. Ibsen's description of her seems to support this view. "She is a woman of nine-and-twenty. Her face and figure show refinement and distinction. Her complexion is pale and opaque. Her steel-grey eyes express a cold, unruffled repose. Her hair is of an agreeable medium brown, but not particularly abundant." Yes, I can certainly see Bette Davis as Ibsen's heroine. She would play her to the life with those eyes hard as the marbles in ginger-beer bottles, and those carefully supervised teeth.



"You will need to smile often, my son," Britain's famous Queen Victoria advises the young Prince Leopold (Scotty Beckett)



Diana, in another of her many parts in this film, appears as a twelve-year-old child. Here Jimmy (Robert Cummings) wipes blood from her face after a rough and tumble in an ice-cream parlour

Between Us Girls, now at the Leicester Square Theatre, is Diana Barrymore's second big picture. Her first was *Eagle Squadron*. In her second film Diana, as an ambitious young actress, is given the opportunity of playing many parts, two of which are pictured above. The film is referred to by James Agate on this page. With Diana Barrymore are Kay Francis, once again in a sophisticated mother role, Robert Cummings and John Boles

inordinate staircase, stumble in the darkness down a flight of equal length, and sink into my seat, out of breath and exasperated.

THE trade says coldly that it is not interested in Mr. Agate's difficulties in attending its shows. *But I am prepared to prove that it is.* For half an hour or so I watch and listen to Diana Barrymore pretending to be a twelve-year-old. I notice that Kay Francis's black and white check blouse photographs beautifully. I appreciate how well the spots on Mr. John Boles's tie come out. And then a wave of something for which I cannot find a name comes over me. What am I, a grown man, doing, watching an imbecile farce on a theme which was already threadbare in the days when Marie Tempest delighted the town with *The Marriage of Kitty*? And then, in plain English, I get up and leave.

The point? The point is that while film-going is post-prandial, trade showing is ante-lunch. That since the critic is working in terms of enjoyment it should be to the interest of the trade to put him in an enjoyable frame of mind. Had I seen *Between Us Girls* (Leicester Square) at three-thirty I should no doubt have deemed it a delightful show of fluid high spirits. Had I seen it at nine-thirty p.m. I should probably have rocked myself to and fro with helpless laughter. But at ten-thirty a.m.—ten-forty, to be exact—I walk out on it, in spite of the fact that Kay Francis is my favourite film actress. I understand that in so doing I miss seeing Diana as Joan of Arc. Well, one can't have everything in this world. Not even for ten Joans of Arc do I want to see a grown woman playing at being Shirley Temple.

AFTER lunch I went to see *The Glass Key* (Plaza). Let me say that this turned out to be a film after my own heart, in spite of the fact that there are several things against it. The plot is enormously complicated, and I imagine that it would take several visits to disentangle it successfully. Then, again, I don't believe in all this chaffering among gangster magnanimities; I hold that the sex impulses of the underworld are to be classed with the activities of cats in backyards. Then again, there is the further matter that I am not entirely *au fait* with American civic politics. I find it difficult to believe in a state of affairs in which a gangster blackmails the magistracy and press of a small town into running him as a Reform candidate, with the idea of cleaning up that town as far as that gangster is concerned, and then giving him the monopoly of illicit traffic. On the other hand the seed of this particular drama was most respectably sown some sixty years ago by Ibsen in some of his earlier social plays.

What took hold of me was the urgency, the drive, the sheer interest of the whole lay-out. A great deal of the credit for this must be given to the acting, which in my view was quite first rate throughout, with particular mention of Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, Joseph Calleia and half a dozen unidentifiable thugs. The sequence in which Ladd is beaten up is as exciting as anything ever seen on the screen, and this young man should go far. I still cannot make up my mind about Veronica Lake, who seems to me to be over-dressed, over-coiffed and over-hatted. On the other hand she is refreshingly free from the nitwit prettiness of most film stars. And I have the odd notion that she may be in the process of turning herself into an actress.

The fact remains that this film lasted one hour and three-quarters, and I did not find it a minute too long. I make the trade a present of the fact that whenever it offers me a film as good as this I shall be joyfully present at the hour of nine-thirty a.m., if need be. But I see no reason why that need should be.

AND now to other matters. What else, beyond shedding its members, is performed or achieved by that august body, the Critics' Circle, I have no means of knowing. It may, of course, be discovering new actresses like Pamela Brown or new playwrights like Peter Ustinov. It may be doing the art of drama these or similar valuable services. Or it may be sitting on its exquisite hunkers immersed in cogibundity of cogitation about post-war prandial potentialities. In either case let me give the Film Section a hint. Let it demand the abolition of the ten-thirty a.m. trade show. In the interest of the trade.

TAKE my own case. At nine-thirty in the morning I prepare to sally forth. By nine-forty I have rung up all the taxi ranks within a mile radius but without avail. Ten minutes to climb the one-in-four gradient to Swiss Cottage. Ten minutes to recover from the asthma plus heart attack involved in the process. It is now ten o'clock, and I queue up for a bus. A wait of ten minutes, it arrives and takes the queue up to the couple in front of me. I essay the Tube. Ten minutes' wait on the platform. I strap-hang, find I have landed myself on the wrong side of Piccadilly Circus. Dive for a taxi, and reach the picture house I am aiming at some ten minutes late, climb some

They All Kissed The Bride

Joan Crawford Jitterbugs, Sprains Back, and Hands Over Hundred Thousand Dollar Salary to Charities



It is only when Margaret Drew (Joan Crawford), hard-headed managing director of a Transportation Company, meets newspaper reporter, Michael Holmes (Melvyn Douglas), that she discovers making love is more fun than making money

They All Kissed The Bride is Columbia's latest picture now at the Regal. Outstanding moments are provided by Crawford's jitterbug, partnered by ex-Broadway "hooper" Allen Jenkins. After some of the most arduous paroxysms ever executed west of Harlem, Crawford discovered her back had been severely sprained. Her entire salary of 112,500 dollars for this picture was handed over to four charities, the Red Cross, President Roosevelt's Paralysis Fund, the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and Navy Relief. Co-starring with Joan Crawford is Melvyn Douglas, that master of sophisticated wisecracks. With such stars and good comedy, the story itself is of secondary importance



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Waltz Without End (Cambridge)

THE old masters were great hands at taking in each other's washing. Particularly the musicians. In their more sociable day the protective laws of copyright had yet to be enacted, and plagiarism was a custom more honoured in the observance than in the breach. Moreover, such plagiarism (unlike that of some of our moderns) was olympian intercourse, complimentary traffic between peers, in which works were not dishonoured, nor genius traduced.

We have changed all that, and blithely re-create the old gods in our own image. Swinging the classics is a tolerated sport, biographical blancmange a popular *plat du jour*. We exhume the illustrious dead, sentimentalise their joys and sorrows (usually apochryphal) into trite librettos, and butcher their compositions to make vaudeville holidays. Schubert was a recent subject of resurrectionist activity, though his remains happened to fall into sympathetic hands. And if his life was somewhat romanticised, his compositions were thoughtfully handled and his songs well sung.

Now, in *Waltz Without End*, it is Chopin's turn to provide grist for the comic-opera mill which Mr. Eric Maschwitz grinds with such boyish gusto. This is not, of course, Chopin's debut as a posthumous provider of light entertainment. *Les Sylphides*, the delightful ballet which his music inspired and Fokine rendered lovely, has long been a classic in that genre. The music was not abused, but imaginatively interpreted; and Chopin's shy genius was not affronted. If something of the recreative art and impulse of Fokine's choreography had inspired the composition of Mr. Maschwitz's libretto, the teeth of Chopin's



The old music teacher of the Prince's family has, through time, descended to the comparatively lowly occupation of turning pianos (Eliot Makeham)

(Left) The Prince happily enters into the fun and festivities of end-of-term at the Music Conservatoire, Warsaw (Jimmy Godden, Betty Warren, Bertram Dench)

jealous champions might have been set less exquisitely on edge.

The last, but not least, surprise of an astonishing evening was sprung by the producer in his speech at curtain fall. In thanking us for a cordial reception, he referred to art; and it was evident that he meant, not artifice, but art with a capital A, and that he spoke in simple good faith. Nor did the responsive applause that greeted this reference suggest that the audience found it inapt.

Such entertainment as *Waltz Without End* is not intended, of course, for pernickety connoisseurs, but for those modest, omnifarious amateurs whose only musical dogma is that they know what they like. Untrammelled by sensitiveness to technical or æsthetic niceties and liberties taken with scores, they may hear,

therefore, much in this entertainment that will delight. It is one way of bringing the delectable mountain to unenterprising Mahomet. But it is a pity that the means of transport should be so rough, and that the mountain should be so unlike itself on arrival.

ÆSTHETICALLY considered, this self-described "musical make-believe" is a happy-go-lucky melange of life and love and genius in adversity, the plot of which has a narrative stutter, and its fun is more vociferous than diverting. The music adapted and arranged from Chopin suffers strange metamorphoses into lyric, choric, and other alien forms. And while it is confidently orchestrated and enthusiastically sung, these changes caused the eminent colleague who sat behind me, and whose musical sensibilities are tender, to shiver and soliloquise profanely.

One does not expect such an avowedly popular show to observe the Aristotelian unities, or to rival the wit of Congreve. Yet one did expect, from a librettist of Mr. Maschwitz's experience and fecundity, something less casual in form and more sparkling in style, considering the composer he had chosen to grace these revels.

The crinolined sylphs who haunt the moonlit garden are not intruders, and the principal soloists—Mr. Ivor Sheridan, a plump melodious Chopin, and Miss Jane Carr, who glitters both in looks and voice as his coloratura countess—do justice to their songs, even if some of the words defy mercy. Miss Betty Warren, as the sony soubrette, gives such comedy lines as fall to her the benefit of her own robust gaiety. The elder denizens of old Warsaw probably have no option but to attack with the seasonably premature elan of pantomime comedians, and their contributions, though depressingly traditional, can certainly be heard.

But when one considered the genius pressed so light-heartedly into thankless service, and the charm pressed out of it; and recalled the true tale of Chopin's joys and sorrows, that unhappy shade, glimpsed by fancy in the twilight foyer as we departed, seemed to draw substance and sad conviction from the blackout into which we mutually emerged.



The Countess renounces her love for Chopin and turns for consolation and the security of marriage to the wealthy Vladimir (Vernon Kelso, Jane Carr)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Chopin sees at last a recognition of his talents when the Paris publisher to whom he has sent his music, visits Warsaw to sign a contract (Ivor Sheridan, Bertram Wallis)

Moods of a Maniac

Raymond Lovell's Brilliant Character Study in "Murder Without Crime"



"Blood and rouge . . . a delicate mixture"



"You are going to die, Stephen. . . . You're going to hang!"

Much of the well-deserved success of *Murder Without Crime*, at the Comedy Theatre, which celebrated its 100th performance on Saturday last, is due to the excellent character acting of Raymond Lovell as the ruthlessly sadistic Matthew. Lovell was born in Montreal in 1900, and first appeared on the stage in Ireland in 1924. In recent films he has been seen as King George III. in *The Young Mr. Pitt* and as the Nazi airman in *49th Parallel*. His experience is wide, and his technique is consequently versatile. As Matthew, in *Murder Without Crime*, he has his first starring role on the London stage after years of steady work



"Tell me, Stephen, of what does this carnation smell?"



"Take the dagger, Stephen. Plunge it into your heart"



"Perhaps I shouldn't be lounging on the coffin"

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King at Portsmouth

THE primary cause of the King's recent visit to Portsmouth was his Majesty's desire to take leave of his old friend Admiral Sir William James, C.-in-C. of the Port since 1939. He lunched with Sir William aboard H.M.S. Victory on the day before the Admiral struck his flag, to be succeeded by Admiral Sir Charles Little.

The day was not without disappointment for one of the Wren drivers. She is Mrs. Duff, daughter of the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, who hoped her father might be in attendance on the King, but was disappointed. Mrs. Duff is one of the several Wrens who make up the driving pool of the Portsmouth Command. Four of these girls were presented individually to the King, who was told of their outstanding devotion to duty during a "recent important operation"—an unrevealing way of referring to the Dieppe raid. "One of them, a despatch rider," Sir William told his Majesty, "was on continuous duty in the saddle for thirty-six hours."

Stars and Bars

FEW of us over here have mastered as yet the intricacies of the U.S. Army uniform. It seems strange to us that a junior lieutenant, for example, should wear a gold bar, while his immediate senior, a full lieutenant, has a bar of silver. Similarly, a major's leaf-badge of gold is succeeded, with promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, by a leaf of silver. An interesting explanation was given by an American officer recently. He told me that the generally accepted explanation is that since gold is mined deeper than silver, it denotes an inferior rank. The leaf of a tree is above the earth, so that it comes above the bars of precious metal. Still further up, the eagles fly—so a full Colonel wears a silver eagle. Highest of all are the stars—they are worn by Brigadier-Generals (one), Major-Generals (two), Lieut.-Generals (three) and full Generals (four). Incidentally, there have only been four full Generals in the

history of the U.S. Army. Field-Marshal is a rank for which there is no equivalent in the States. Slightly poetic and fanciful as this explanation may seem, it has a logical basis and may help all of us over here to become as easily familiar with bars, leaves, eagles and stars as we are with our own pips and crowns.

Lovat v. Strabolgi

THERE were many well-known women in the House of Lords to hear Major Lord Lovat speak about Lord Strabolgi's attack on the Army. Unfortunately, Lady Lovat could not be there to hear her husband speak, as she is up in Scotland expecting her third baby—she already has a son and daughter. However, Laura, Lady Lovat was in the Peereesses' pen, and wore no hat, only a diaphanous veil of black Chantilly lace. She was saying how proud she is of her son, who has just added the D.S.O. to his decorations. Her younger son, Hugh, also in the Lovat Scouts, was with her. Lady Lovat's mother, Vera, Lady Broughton, was there too, wearing her M.T.C. uniform, with two stripes indicating her rank of Commandant. Lady Kemsley was among the peeresses, in a smart red coat, and a high red felt halo hat which made her look taller than ever. The Marchioness of Dufferin sat next to her and the Countess of Oxford in front of them. Viscount Cowdray brought his wife, and Lady Anne Rhys came to hear her brother, the Duke of Wellington, speak in the same debate. She was looking very pretty in black. The Duchess of Buccleuch—all in olive green, including her gloves—was another there; also Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, with masses of summery flowers on her tiny hat.

War Work of Value

ONE of the many lovely young women who have given up gaieties and who are working really hard in this war is Betty Norton-Griffiths, the widow of Michael Norton-Griffiths, younger brother of Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths who was killed on his way back from Dunkirk. At the beginning of the war

Mrs. Norton-Griffiths organised and drove for the Y.M.C.A. in her district, and since her husband's death has taken over the running of his business in the Midlands, which she has expanded tremendously to meet the Government work which is called on to do these days. Mrs. Norton-Griffiths is now the very active managing director of this firm, and spends long hours at her office and attending conferences. She is also the director of an engineering firm, where her sound advice is of great value. In spite of all this "business" work she finds time to have two or three Polish flying officers to stay at her country home most week-ends. She is, like Lady Jersey, "mother" to a squadron of the Polish Air Force in this country. These men are all terribly grateful for the kindness and simple hospitality they receive—it is the home life that is such a change for them. One officer said to me, after he had lunched with Mrs. Norton-Griffiths, her two small daughters and a child friend, "How wonderful it is to lunch so happily with children around." Then he added, with a very sad look, that he had left a wife and three children in Poland when he joined their Air Force and had heard nothing of them for three years.

Fox Drives

MOST packs are hunting almost entirely on foot this season, and many of them have substituted "fox drives" for more normal, or traditional, proceedings. This involves the hitherto almost unmentionable practice of shooting foxes. Packs are enormously reduced and the Government issues rations for remaining hounds only on the understanding that their express purpose is the killing of as many foxes as possible as quickly as can be, in the interests of farming.

Although November is the proper opening month of the season, October cubbing has always been a pretty mature pursuit, and there have already been some successful "fox drives." The Aldenham Harriers—who have always hunted foxes as well as hares—had one in the woodland country round Elstree, with good results, and subsequent requests for more from the farmers. One fox ran through the grounds of a military hospital, to the delight of patients and nurses. This pack hunts right up to London: Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas was Master for four seasons, then joint with Mr. John Jones, who has now taken over. Sir Jocelyn is too busy—among his recent House of Commons activities is the organising of a panel of thirty members for the purpose of showing parties of Empire and U.S. forces over the House. There

(Continued on page 42)



Paterson, Inverness

Two Christenings Which Took Place Recently in England and Scotland

At the Inverness christening of Margaret Anne, daughter of Major and Mrs. Donald Cameron, were Major P. Gathorne-Hardy, Captain J. Stewart, Lady Hermione Cameron, the nurse, Mrs. Donald Cameron and the baby, Major Donald Cameron and Colonel Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel



Captain Sir Charles and Lady Maclean's baby son, Hector Charles, was christened at Windsor. Above are Miss Peggy Marn, Miss Barbara Chrichton, Lady Maclean and the baby, Captain Sir Charles Maclean, Captain William Whitelaw and Mrs. David Graham Campbell



The reception after the wedding was held at the Old Deanery, and some of those arriving in the sunshine were Major and Mrs. Claud Dunbar, Captain Jones, C.F., Mrs. Maundesley-Heysham and Major G. H. Reid



Mrs. Harris St. John walked from the Cathedral to the Old Deanery for the reception, with her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Oldfield, and her son, Pilot Officer I. Harris, D.F.C., who took some of the photographs of Dieppe before the recent raid

Captain John Pelham Mann, Scots Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Mann, of Woodside House, Windsor, and Miss Anne Marguerite Brockbank were married at Salisbury Cathedral on September 3rd. The bride is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. G. Brockbank, of The Manor House, Steeple Langford, Salisbury. Major J. J. P. Evans gave his niece away, and the best man was Captain F. G. Mann, brother of the bridegroom

Married at Salisbury Cathedral

Captain John Mann and Miss Brockbank

Photographs by Swaebe



The Bishop of Salisbury, who officiated at the wedding, was also at the reception. He is seen talking to Captain Tyldesley, Scots Guards, a fellow officer of the bridegroom

The Scots Guards were well represented at Captain Mann's wedding. Colonel the Hon. Hugh K. M. Kindersley (centre) was there, with the Marquis and Marchioness Townshend. Colonel Kindersley is the elder son of Lord Kindersley

Mrs. Ian Bruce and the Earl of Cathcart enjoyed the fine weather in the Old Deanery garden. The Scots Guards Pipe Major played the bride and bridegroom and guests from the Cathedral to the reception

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

has been a great demand for this. The panel is made up of members of all parties, and twenty-five men at a time are shown round.

People and Plans

I HEAR that Lady Catherine Ramsden, Lord Ancaster's daughter, is joining the W.R.N.S., having been in the M.T.C. up to now. Another new member of the W.R.N.S. is Miss Stella Woodman-Smith.

I saw Mrs. Jimmie Taylor-Whitehead having tea with amusing Mrs. Stanley Smith. The Taylor-Whitehead brothers married extremely pretty sisters, from Luxemburg—the Misses Jacques and Giselle Filbig. Also at tea, most fetching in blue, was Miss Tania Price, daughter of Mr. Morgan Price, M.P. Among women M.P.s about were Miss Ellen Wilkinson, in a leopard-skin coat, and Lady Davidson, tall and smart in black; and, energetic as usual, Miss Eleanor Rathbone.

The colours of the W.V.S. uniform are very becoming to Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who was out wearing them one day. She is Lord Digby's daughter and has his red hair: her mother, Lady Rosebery's sister, and daughter of the late Lord Aberdare, is dark. The Dowager Lady Swaythling, who works hard in the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisation, was out in her smart dark blue and white uniform; so was Mrs. Simon Marks.

Services Club Luncheon

SIMPSON'S SERVICES CLUB gave a lunch-party in honour of the Greek forces recently, excellently organised by Mr. C. B. Harrison, the Public Relations Officer. Dr. S. L. Simpson, who was in the chair, received the guests with Major A. Huskisson, M.C., a director of Simpsons of Piccadilly. Captain Oliver Lyttelton, the Minister of Supply, was guest of honour, and proposed the toast of Greece and the Greek forces. H.E.M. Th. Agnides, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replied for Greece, and Captain Alexandris, of the Royal Hellenic Navy, for the Greek forces. Distinguished guests included the Prime Minister of Greece and Mme. Tsouderos, Sir Michael Palairot, M. Varvaresson, Major-General the Hon. E. F. Lawson, Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, General Legentilhomme and Mrs. Laughton Matthews, head of the W.R.N.S.



Hay Wrightson

First Earl of Oxford's Grandson Marries Miss Vivien Jones

The marriage of Simon Anthony Asquith, younger son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith, and grandson of the famous Earl of Oxford and Asquith, to Miss Vivien Jones took place early this month. The bride is the third daughter of Major Lawrence Jones and of Lady Evelyn Jones. She is a granddaughter of the late Earl Grey and of Sir Lawrence Jones, Bt.

Duchess in Baby Car

THE Duchess of Norfolk, who arrived at the Salisbury races in a baby car, driven by a kindly trainer, looked as cool and cheerful as always. As many of the regulars as could make it came along, including Lord and Lady Stavordale; Lady Weymouth, though, was missed. Mr. Robin and Lady Julia Mount were there. Black and white became her bloneness. She was Lady Julia Pakenham, Lord Longford's sister. Lady Pansy Lamb, married to Henry Lamb, the painter, and Lady Violet Powell, whose husband is Anthony Powell, the writer, are among her sisters, of whom Lady Mary Pakenham wrote that delightful book, *Brought Up and Brought Out*. Mr. Mount

is training a little, and hopes to start a small stud. Others about were Lord Leigh, and Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall, now on the broadcasting side of racing.

Here and There

MR. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle were an elegant couple in Berkeley Square; the tall, good-looking Ambassador as beautifully dressed as usual, and his attractive wife maintaining that chic (in spite of hard work) which should be an example to everyone.

Down at Windsor, where a delicious autumn sun shone on Etonians playing the Wall Game

(Concluded on page 56)



American Army Officers Entertained in London by the U.S. Red Cross Organisation

Mr. Drexel Biddle, the United States Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, was among those who attended the dinner and dance for American Army officers, given recently by the Red Cross at their Club in Charles Street. He had dinner with Miss M. Woododsky from Leningrad (left), and Lady Goulding, Director of Personnel at the Charles Street Club



Another distinguished guest was Major William Wyler, the well-known film personality who directed "Mrs. Miniver" and "The Little Foxes." Major Wyler is now an intelligence officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps

Buying and Selling



Viscount Milton, seen here with Joe Canty, crack Irish jockey, is building up a stud at Newmarket. He paid 2600 guineas for a filly by the Derby winner, Mahmoud, at Ballsbridge sales

Pool, Dublin



Senator J. J. Parkinson had a talk to Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer. The Senator, who has many times headed the list of winning Irish trainers, controls the Maddenstown Lodge training establishment in the Curragh



At the East Surrey Farmer's Gift Sale for the Red Cross at-Reigate

Mr. Gordon Touche, M.P. for Reigate, auctioned a bottle of whisky at the sale, which was held at the Priory cricket ground. Beside him is Mr. Childs, who was responsible for the sale, and is the well-known organiser of the Redhill Fat Stock Shows



Mr. Nigel Colman was another M.P. (for Brixton) who acted as auctioneer. He thanked Mrs. J. V. Rank for her support of the Red Cross sale held by the East Surrey farmers, at which she bought a Shetland pony for 250 guineas

The Irish Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin



The Earl of Fingall was at Ballsbridge, as were Lieut.-Col. A. S. Bellingham and Lieut.-Col. Evelyn Shirley, both of whom had horses in the sales. Before the war Lord Fingall was joint-Master of the Ward Union Staghoues



Major L. A. C. Vigors, of Tullamaine Castle, Co. Tipperary, at Ballsbridge sales with his wife, bought a chestnut colt from the Killarkin Stud. Both Major and Mrs. Vigors hunt with the Gallant Tips

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER Montmartre under German direction is any different from what it was under the late Third Republic, when Léon Daudet accurately called it the Abscess of Paris, we couldn't quite gather from a recent piece in one of the dailies. As the boy concerned was writing evidently for the former tripper-trade and in mournful mood, we deduce Montmartre can't have changed a lot.

What probably has come to an end, we guess, in that capulous international paradise of profiteers, racketeers, thugs, decoys, touts, guides, pimps, drug-pedlars, jazz-bands, and *agents provocateurs*, is that complex and profitable branch of Third Republic democracy whereby the police and their myriad spies kept tabs not only on politicians and big business men in their romps but on visiting Anglo-Saxon Puritans and other foreigners, who also found fun and games coming expensive at times (*et pour cause*, as the French say waggishly). What Dusty said to that surly chappie in the muffler outside Joe Zelli's at 3.28 a.m. on Friday, June 9, 1935, may—who knows?—still be card-indexed at the Rue des Saussaies, with Dusty's full dossier and a snapshot taken by a waiter as he chaffered with "Reception" at the hotel, the merry old scout. Gay Paree, what? Old boy, they loved me.

Nitchevo

THE Gestapo now run their own Montmartre rackets and there are obviously few pickings for the locals. The worst off must still be those plucky, unhappy, fatalist White Russians in the cabaret trade who had a job to make a living on the Hill even in the boom years. It's a good thing Russians notoriously enjoy suffering, and we're saying it sympathetically.

Nook

WILD sulphurcrested cockatoos are flying round leafy St. John's Wood, a citizen last week reported to Auntie Times, who did not bat an eyelid, assuming they escaped from the Zoo during that blitz two years ago.

On the contrary, our old faëry Celtic blood suggests à la Yeats that these are the souls of the fast mopsies who used to lure young high-collared diplomats in St. John's Wood in Victorian days by displaying half an inch of openwork ankle on alighting from a hansom. Tossing their feather boas artfully over the left shoulder, these sirens would then glide with a sidelong *œillade* into a shady garden overlooked by a closely-shuttered white villa, and the secret plans were as

good as in their reticule. St. John's Wood had a terrible name then, being full of R.A.s, artists, and wantons. It is relatively respectable nowadays, barring a troll we know in Blenheim Terrace who mischiefs old ladies by pretending to be a Liberal and then drinking their blood.

Scandal

How St. John's Wood could ever be sinful with Lord's bang on its southern frontier is no mystery, the cricketing world itself being a cesspool in those days. (That recent B.B.C. broadcast about W. G. Grace carefully avoided reproducing the squeals of the little French actresses he used to carry from the wicket instead of his bat, amid the cheers of the tottering Pavilion revellers, flushed with champagne and kisses.) The Empire Promenade and the pitch at Lord's were cleaned up about the same time.

Operation

PROPOS our feathered chums, we never see the swallows flying to Africa, as they are doing now, without reflecting idly what fun it would be, when peace comes, to



"Occupation?"

set the Nature boys and girls by the ears by reviving that ripe old story about swallows spending the winter at the bottom of ponds.

Eighteenth-century naturalists firmly believed and printed this; so did Dr. Johnson. The operational method is (1) to write from "The Vicarage, Burpton," to the *Spectator*, signing yourself " (Rev.) Timothy Teatime," reporting 35 swallows hibernating in the pond of your quiet country garden, and asking if this is not somewhat of a record. Then (2) the following week, as "E. Harkaway Ramjar, Major (ret.)," you write fiercely as from Bath, denouncing this monstrous and long-exploded error. By this time the birdie-lovers of England are hurtling into action, so (3) you barge in with support for the Rev. Teatime from your heavy guns, Dame Tabitha Cake, Professor Goodie Archdeacon Binge, Pamela Lady Prune, Sir Nero Gowler, and any others you can invent. If by then the entire Nature world is not raving like a Voodoo orgy at full moon you have wasted your time. The essential is to collect notepaper engraved with a few assorted club and other addresses of an impressive nature. The rest is money for old rope, a chap told us who once ran an imaginary bird called Bünsen's Ring-straked Hoopoe through the 'hibbrow weeklies and enjoyed every minute of it.

Encounter

WHAT the Germans will do if they stumble upon Prometheus during their Caucas drive is obvious, it occurs to us. They'll drag him to the microphone and make

(Concluded on page 46)



"He says he's been sitting out there in the fog since Thursday—thought he was in mid-Channel . . ."



Baby Ballerina

At Fifteen, Beryl Grey is an
Outstanding Member of the
Sadler's Wells Ballet

Beryl Grey made her debut as a soloist when she was fourteen. Her first role was in *The Gods Go A-Begging*, during the Oxford season of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company in 1941. Many important roles followed, including *Rendezvous*, *Les Sylphides*, *Comus*, *Dante Sonata* and *Façade* (the Polka). A year later, when Margot Fonteyn was taken ill suddenly, Beryl Grey danced the Second Act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* after only two rehearsals, and on June 11th, 1942, her fifteenth birthday, danced the role in its entirety. Since then she has taken one performance of the ballet in three during the very successful tour of the Company recently concluded. The Company is returning to London this month. The season will open at the New Theatre on October 20th

Photographs by Anthony





Refuelling a Sunderland Flying-Boat

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The Sunderland is at her mooring buoy and the refuelling lighter is alongside. Two petrol hoses have been passed up, but the one to the starboard side is fouled and in knots. The boat's crew are clearing it, and the airman with the business end of the hose is nobly offering a herring to a friendly gull, oblivious of the cascade of petrol that is pouring into the sea via the port wing. The rising fumes are too much for gulls, fish, and one member of the crew, who have passed out. But the real panic is due to the pipe-smoking fitter (on a "stage" hung over the port outer engine), who is lighting his mate's cigarette with a blow-lamp. One member of the crew rushes forward with a fire-extinguisher, while another has shoved his boathook through the cockpit covering. Finally, the lighter's navigation-lights' staff has neatly perforated the flying-boat's hull. Turning from the ridiculous to the sublime, these Sunderlands of Coastal Command, with a crew of nine or eleven, range far over the Atlantic on convoy and hunting U-boats, from dawn to dusk. They did wonders in evacuating troops from Crete, and their story is an epic of courage and endurance



"I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," sings George M. Cohan (James Cagney), in his first musical production on Broadway in 1904. The scene is an English race-track. The song, after nearly forty years, is still one of Cohan's most famous numbers



At the age of seven, George makes his first appearance on the stage. He is a precocious child and constantly in trouble. When his cockiness and boastfulness lose a valuable contract for The Four Cohans, his father gives him a good, old-fashioned hiding



The Four Cohans in a pierrot number. By this time, sister Josie, George, his mother and father, billed as the "fun-creating family," are touring the country from coast to coast

"Yankee Doodle Dandy"

The Life-Story of
George Michael Cohan—
Great Patriot—
Great Showman—
Great American



"Mary is a Grand Old Name." The song by Fay Templeton (Irene Manning) early days of the century in the musical Cohan and his wife (Cagney and Joan) night. "She has the song," says!



George, always a prolific writer, has little success with his early efforts. It is only when he meets Sam Harris (Richard Whorf), another young playwright and showman, and joins forces with him, that Dame Fortune begins to smile



Written by Cohan for his wife, is
was the toast of the town in the
"Minutes from Broadway."
sit in a box on the opening
"I've got the author"



On July 4th, 1878, George Michael Cohan was born in theatrical lodgings in Providence. He was destined to become one of America's greatest showmen. The film, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, directed by Michael Curtiz, which has its London premiere on October 15th, is based on the life of Cohan from the day of his birth. It takes us through his early boyhood days, touring the country in small-town vaudeville, up to his many successes on Broadway and the present day. In thirty years of almost unbelievable creative effort, George Cohan wrote more than 300 songs and 90 plays. The film story is faithful to the true story of Cohan's career. It deviates from fact only in regard to his marriage—in actual fact, Cohan married twice—and in the date of his meeting with the President, which took place a few years before America's declaration of war in 1941. With George M. Cohan's approval, James Cagney was selected for the starring role. His performance may win him a 1942 Academy award

"You're a Grand Old Flag" brings the Cohan family on the stage together for the last time in "George Washington, Jr." George, as a soldier, has his sister, Josie (Jeanne Cagney), on his right, and his fiancée, Mary (Joan Leslie), on his left. His father and mother (Walter Huston and Rosemary De Camp) represent Uncle Sam and Liberty



Success follows upon success for George and Sam. Then comes war. George volunteers, but is turned down as too old for service "over there." The words haunt him. So does the theme of the bugler's martial music. He writes "Over There," which is destined to become a triumphant national anthem of World War I.



In 1940, George M. Cohan receives from the President the Congressional Medal of Honour. As he leaves the White House, a column of infantry swing by. The soldiers and the crowd are singing. The words and the music are his own. In World War II, the troops still sing "Over There"



Associated Press

Miss Virginia Gilliat wore white satin and carried red roses for her wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat, of 3, Stanhope Place, W. The bridegroom was Sir Mark Tatton Richard Sykes, Bt., The Green Howards, of Sledmere, Malton, Yorkshire. Mr. John Gilliat gave his daughter away, and her little bridesmaid was the Hon. Sara Long. Captain the Earl of Rosse was best man



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and the Countess of Ossory, wife of the Marquess of Ormonde's heir, were guests at the wedding. Here they are with Mr. John Gilliat, father of the bride



At a small private reception after the ceremony were Mrs. Trevor Woodhouse, Captain Thomas Clyde, with Major and Mrs. Bill Hordern. Captain Clyde is married to Lord Gerald Wellesley's only daughter

A London Wedding

Sir Richard Sykes and Miss Gilliat
Were Married on September 29th

Photographs by Swaebe



Capt. Peter Thursby was talking to Lady Stavordale at the reception. She is one of the twin daughters of the late Capt. the Hon. Cyril Ward, and married Lord Ilchester's heir in 1931



Lord John Manners and Lady Isabel Guinness, brother and sister of the Duke of Rutland, were together. Lady Isabel married Wing Commander Loel Guinness, M.P., in 1936



The Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Dudley were amused about something. Lord Dudley is Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence for the Midlands



Lord Leathers : Minister of War Transport

From the Portrait by James Gunn

Frederick James Leathers started his business career as an office boy at the age of fifteen, and at thirty-three became managing director of Wm. Cory and Son, coal-owners, holding directorships in many other colliery, shipping and cement companies. A recognised authority on bunkering matters, he was associated with the Ministry of Shipping during the last war, and has served on several Government committees, dealing particularly with casual labour in the ports. In 1940 he joined the Ministry as adviser on all matters concerning coal. In May 1941 he became Minister of War Transport, when the amalgamation of the former Ministries of Shipping and Transport took place, and at the same time was created a Baron. Lord Leathers has two sons and a daughter, all of whom are married

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Old Saws

THESE are two very well-known ones: (a) "First things first"; and (b) "Silence is golden." There is another thing which is also profitable to remember, and it is this, that any fool can start a fight, but that it demands the wisdom of Solomon and Solon rolled into one to find the recipe for stopping it at the moment most convenient to himself.

"Next of Kin" Justified

WHEN this excellent film was generally released, I understand that it was made obligatory upon all members of the armed forces to go and see it—and they were told why this order was given. The general public were also strongly urged to see it and try to understand what its message was. It was an official picture, designed to impress upon the garrulous the danger of careless talk, in view of the large numbers of enemy agents who are still at large in this country. Anyone who has read the newspapers recently will realise how necessary it was that this film should be made, and also what very slight regard has been paid to the warning. It is not necessary to go into any detail, the bare facts are sufficiently eloquent. No matter in what theatre of war anyone's lot may be cast, the danger of loose talk is the same. There are people all round and about us who are clever enough to add two and two together and make four of them, and, naturally, they do not go about with a large placard hung round their necks bearing the words: "I am a Spy!" There is only one safe rule: "Say nothing! Know nothing!" for a great deal of the mischief has been done by answers to seemingly innocent questions. This sort of carelessness has cost a good many lives quite recently. It would not be very difficult to elaborate.

Our Jumpers

SINCE they are all condemned to eat the grass of idleness this season, why not send as many as possible over to Ireland, where

presumably chasing as usual will be the rule, as it was in the first year of the war, when, as now, the axe came down heavily on that sort of thing over here? Transport is naturally the great difficulty, but as this ban has hit so many owners and trainers so hard, it may be that the Powers As Be will do their utmost to overcome it. Anyway, sending horses to Ireland would be far safer than allowing "Tourists" to go there. Horses do not talk, and they do not carry anything concealed in their rugs.

Another for the Harem

ANOTHER retirement to the stud, which many regret, is that of Mr. McGrath's Windsor Slipper, who is English and not Irish bred, for he is by the Derby winner of 1934, the Maharajah of Rajpipla's Windsor Lad, the race being the one in which Colombo finished third, Easton intervening. In Ireland this year Windsor Slipper has cleared the board in their classics, and thus has the Irish Two Thousand, Derby and Leger to his credit. I see that Windsor Slipper is already full for 1943 at 300 guineas, limited to twenty mares. I think that many regretted that present conditions did not permit of his coming over here this season to test the steel of our best, and this is now the more unfortunate, because, like Sun Chariot, Afterthought, Watling Street, and others, he cannot be seen in next year's Gold Cup. It is difficult to visualise the field for that race being a very interesting one, in view of all these early retirements to the harem. I wish that some of them could have been avoided, but, of course, the owners in question must know their own affairs best. Big Game, and presumably also Sun Chariot, will not go back to the National Stud at Tully, at any rate for the moment, but to the Aislabie Stud at Stetchworth, which is not far from Newmarket. I think that this is a wise precaution, for they are both too valuable to risk. Hyperides, one is glad to note, is to be kept and raced next season. He had not all the luck this year.

A Cattle Show at Ipswich

Lord and Lady Cranworth were at the Red Poll Cattle Society's show at Ipswich. He won four first prizes for his exhibits, and some of his cattle fetched good prices in the sale ring

Inspecting the Red Polls

Mr. Stuart Paul and Sir Hanson Rowbotham were at the Ipswich Cattle Market. Sir Hanson is a J.P. for Warwickshire, of which county he was Sheriff in 1937. He has a place in the Isle of Wight

Three Spectators

Viscountess Cranbrook, wife of Viscount Cranbrook, Deputy Regional Commissioner for the Eastern Civil Defence Region, was with Mrs. Foster and the Hon. Mrs. Schrieber, who is a daughter of the first Lord Faringdon, at Ipswich Show

South African Fighter Ace

Wing Commander Peter Hugo came to England in 1938 to join the R.A.F. He won the D.F.C. during the Battle of Britain, and the Bar for his work with cannon-Hurricanes, receiving the D.S.O. this year. He married Miss Angel Seeds in April

Three of a Kind

D. R. Stuart

In this picture are three fighter pilots of the R.A.F., all of whom have won the D.F.C. Their names are Squadron Leader J. W. Villa, Wing Commander E. P. Gibbs and Flight Lieutenant P. J. Stanbury. All of them have been flying since the outbreak of war

The November Handicap

THIS contest is more familiar to us with the word "Manchester" in front of it, and with fog and frost on either side of it! This year it is neither "Manchester" nor "November," because it is going to be run at Pontefract on Saturday, October 31st. Another thing that is unusual about it is that it brings down the curtain on all racing for the year, because there is no jumping to follow, not even any point-to-pointing, for there will be no horses fit enough, because there is practically no hunting, and even if there were the steeds available, there would not be the chaps to ride them, for most of them are very busy waiting for the starting-gate to go up for the Rub Out Rommel Stakes, a long-distance 'chase over a most bloodsome country. So this November Handicap is really the end, and as I have not got the weights at the time of writing, it is quite impossible to hand out the "absolute" to the browned-off warrior, to whom this and any other notes which I personally concoct are especially dedicated. This assurance may, I hope, help to demonstrate that yet another person has no use for the tub-thumper. Incidentally, no dog is much use until he has been shot over, and no critic who has not been shot at should be permitted to shoot off his mouth!

A Northern Chance

HOWEVER, about this last horse-race. At first sight it does not look to be a great field: Rio Tinto, Feberion, Precipitous are names which suggest possibilities, and if Rio Tinto is as useful as some people said that he might be before the Jockey Club Cup, I think he may be worth looking at. Just before that race he won over 1½ miles at Pontefract (on August 29th); there was a bit of talk about him for the Jockey Club Cup, and he was backed both before and on the day for this 2½-mile battle, but obviously hope told a bit too flattering a tale, for he was never in the hunt and finished in the ruck. He is only a three-year-old, and it demands something a bit exceptional of that age—like Afterthought—to win over such a long trip. It may be that on his own native heath, and over only 1½ miles, a very different story may unfold; anyway, I hope so, because few of the plums have gone the way of the Northerners this season.

The Late Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson

AMONG many other letters from those who knew the progenitor of what is now a great national asset, the Macpherson Collection of Maritime Prints—naval actions, admirals,



Dieppe V.C. and His Dog
Captain Patrick Porteous, R.A., is one of the two Dieppe V.C.s. Shouting "There's nothing to worry about!", though severely wounded, he led his men through withering fire, in a charge which resulted in the taking of an enemy gun position



Headquarters Staff of a Group in Flying Training Command Gilbert Adams

Front row: F/O. D. M. Barrett, S/Ldrs. S. J. Currie (retd.), A. E. Dale, D.F.M., Wing Cdr. J. G. Lyon-Brown, O.B.E., G/Capt. E. A. C. Britton, D.F.C., A/Cdr. H. G. Bowen, M.B.E., Wing Cdr. E. Y. Hughes, A.F.C., a Lt.-Colonel, S/Ldrs. B. G. Blampied, B. W. Noble, O.B.E., A/S/O. B. Kirkconnell. Back row: W/O. V. Whorwood, F/Lts. R. C. Cary, F. J. Davey, J. A. Bell, S/Ldr. A. R. T. Coke, F/Lts. J. C. Atkinson, P. Harris, W. S. Heywood-Jones, B. W. Clarke, W/O. G. Voller, W/O. C. R. Tinley



Officers of a Battalion of the Reconnaissance Corps

Front row: Lts. J. Gregory, R.A.M.C., G. S. Thomson (Q.M.), Capts. E. C. Sharp, F. W. Purvis, J. D. C. Churchill (Adj.), the Commanding Officer, Capts. D. N. Pearce, M. A. T. Burke, A. M. Anderson, J. P. Ryan, A. Jenkins, R.A.Ch.D. Middle row: 2nd Lieuts. C. R. Shaw-kew, W. R. Stapley, Lts. C. Craven, P. A. C. Sanderson, 2nd Lt. J. H. Oakley, Lts. A. W. Ball, P. Vaulkhard, R. S. Smith, R. F. Smither, 2nd Lts. L. H. Snow, G. P. Fletcher-Greenwood, Lt. C. W. Bransgrove, R.A.O.C. Back row: 2nd Lts. H. B. Larkin, G. T. Hill, H. G. F. Trepass, R. Crighton, J. E. L. Pepys, Lt. T. D. Jones, 2nd Lt. K. C. P. Ive, Lt. J. Harpham, 2nd Lt. P. Lancaster

merchant ships, wool and tea clippers, yachts, etc.—comes one from a very old friend of his—and mine—whom we used to know as "Chotty," a luminary who was, in his more dignified entity, a judge of the Calcutta High Court. He writes:

There will be many friends of Arthur George Macpherson who, like myself, have welcomed your kindly references to him in the last issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER. You have admirably supplemented the appreciative notice in *The Times*, but you have made no reference to what was, in some ways, his ruling passion—his love for the stage. Calcutta was always rich in amateur dramatic talent, and he was ever the bright, particular star in the theatrical firmament. He could play any part, grave or gay, light comedy, farce, drama or melodrama, and who that saw it will ever forget his performance in *The Speckled Band*, and even pantomime, when he fulfilled, as he told me, his lifelong ambition of playing the Clown in the Harlequinade, complete with red-hot poker and sausages, and repeated dives through convenient doors and windows. Apart from that, he was a born entertainer. He wrote, composed and sang innumerable songs. Perhaps the one about the farmer and his adjectival boy was the most popular; incidentally, such a boy was his only shipmate on many of his voyages. During the last war he formed a concert party known as the "N.B.G.s," whose business it was to entertain the troops on leave from Mesopotamia, and many will recall

his impersonations of well-known personalities engaged upon their life's work, as, for instance, "Mr. Eno Salting his Fruit." One leave to England he devoted to acquiring the technique of *Punch and Judy*, and he reappeared in Calcutta with the complete outfit, to the vociferous delight of innumerable youngsters, and, I may add, their elders as well. I could say a good deal about his gifts as a dramatist, but space forbids. You are right when you say "he never grew up." I might add—"Those whom the gods love die young." You will remember me from old Calcutta days, when you used to ride over the jumps by day, and often figured in front of the footlights at night.

Americanisation

HERE is a case with which the "flickers" had nothing whatever to do. Small girl, aged seven, recently returned to bosom of her family after two years' evacuation in the kindly land of Uncle Sam; ropes of her swing in the garden too short; demand that Pop should lengthen them.
POP: "Right, but I'm busy now! I'll do it to-morrow."
LADY: "Sez you, big boy!"
POP: "But I really can't do it now, so you run along indoors!"
LADY: "Huh! You wanna be tough?"

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ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 42)

and the Field Game, and the vistas of Agar's Plough, where more games were in progress, I met pretty Mrs. Freddie Hennessey walking out with her two little girls, and Major Johnnie van Haaften bicycling, in battle-dress, in search of a house.

Daytime wanderers of London were Mrs. Rodd (Nancy Mitford) and Mrs. John Musker, the former Miss Elizabeth Loeffler; diners-out were Major John Montagu, ordering the best Austerity meal imaginable; Miss Ann Mackenzie, having a change from munition-making; Mr. Lawson-Johnston; Mr. Cecil Beaton, looking alert and spry after his Eastern adventures; Mr. Ralph Benson, now stationed in Regent's Park after his long sick leave; Major Maurice Smart, and Miss Georgina Cookson.

Wedding at St. James's

MANY friends and relations went to St. James's, Spanish Place, for the marriage of Sir Richard Sykes and Miss Virginia Gilliat, after which there was a reception at Lady Diana Cooper's house in Chapel Street. Miss Gilliat looked charming and very happy in a flock of soft white satin and a tulle veil falling from a coronet of glittering sequins and diamanté. She carried a bouquet of red roses, and her little attendant, the Hon. Sara Long, was dressed in red velvet with a head-band of red velvet flowers, all of which matched the carpet up the centre aisle of the church. The bridegroom is a Catholic, but the bride is not, so the service was very short, though there was plenty of music.

Miss Gilliat's parents were almost lost in the crush at the reception, and it was quite difficult to reach the bride and groom as they stood at the end of the room. There was a good deal of uniform to be seen, the groom and his best man, the Earl of Rosse, being in khaki, and I also saw the Duke of Marlborough among the others. The Earl of Dudley, Sir John Milbanke, Lord John Manners, Mr. Edward Rice, the Marquess of Carisbrooke and the Earl of Portarlington were among the men present. The Duchess of Westminster, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, Viscountess Weymouth, Viscountess Long, Lady O'Neill, Mrs. Sweeny, the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, in an opossum fur jacket; Lady Serena James, in a simple little swathed cap in blue; the Marchioness of Dufferin, who brought the bride a Pekinese puppy (which she took away again, as no one seemed to know what to do with it at the moment), and Countess Cadogan, in the biggest of red felt halo hats, were there too.

First-Night Tickets for War Bonds

AN original idea to encourage national savings has been devised by Warner Brothers. In May last, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, which tells the life-story of George Michael Cohan, one of America's greatest showmen ever (see pages 48 and 49 of this issue), was launched on Broadway. First-night tickets were sold for War Bonds, and as a result 5,750,000 dollars was donated to the U.S. Treasury Department.

Mr. Max Milder, managing director of Warner Brothers, is going to try and beat this magnificent figure at the London premiere at Warner's Theatre in Leicester Square, to-morrow, October 15th. He is donating all seats in the theatre to purchasers of National Savings Certificates or War Bonds. Last-minute enquiries for seats must be made through the National Provincial Bank, Piccadilly.



Meeting of the Hampshire Branch of British Red Cross

Front row: Mrs. James, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, the Countess of Malmesbury, C.B.E., President, Mr. Moray Williams, O.B.E., and the Countess of Limerick, C.B.E., Deputy Chairman of the Joint War Organisation and President of the County of London. Back row: Mrs. Philip Graves, Miss Balfour, Mrs. Kelly, C.B.E., J.P., Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Balfour, and Lady Brickwood

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

(Collins; 4s. 6d.); has given Miss Rose Macaulay what would appear to be the ideal outlet for her learning, her verve, her wit. One cannot believe that she did not enjoy the writing of a book so exquisitely enjoyable. We have here, as you may judge from its title, a history—only too brief—of English manners and customs, from the Ancient Britons up to the present day, with special reference to parties, public entertainments, town fashions, country habits, and home life.

Miss Macaulay's novels have always had as many facets as diamonds: they excel in ways not immediately relevant here; but, high among everything else, they have been important as flying critiques of all kinds of society, and fugues of laughter around transitory fads. English society, in its not always noble progress from one age (with fads attendant) on to another is thus, for her, a very well-found theme. She is always detached from mass opinion; she is always indulgent to the recalcitrant—at least, till he takes unto himself several other recalcitrants, and becomes a mass, and therefore, again, a bore. The excesses of fashion, from woad onwards, fascinate her by their oddness. The excesses of the diatribes against fashion fascinate her equally, if not more. Early and later English critics of English morals and manners all seem familiar to Miss Macaulay, whose quotations from them are felicitous.

Besides English critics of England (chiefly, one gathers, Puritans, ignored priests, would-be courtiers unsuccessful at Court, old gentlemen who felt that times were not what they were, or high-spirited girls dissatisfied with their prospects), there were the foreigners—most often ambassadors and their entourages. I must add that, for her shifting picture of English life, Miss Macaulay has not had to draw only upon the disgruntled or the mistaken. The point about English life, as she makes clear, is that English people have, in the main, from the start, enjoyed it: it suits them—why should it not?; they made it themselves. English contentedness with the English lot has, therefore, also been left on record—in letters, journals, memoirs. Those who got on well at Court, or who still hoped to get on, praised and detailed its delights through successive reigns. And no sooner did they command the pen or the brush than Londoners left living pictures of London, and to many of these—if not, I suppose, all—Miss Macaulay, from time to time, has referred. The English country has always been seen from two angles; it was "the deep dirty country" for those who had had enough of it; it had lyric freshness for the jaded reveller from town.

The English, in past times, had the reputation of being vivid (and costly) dressers, and hearty eaters. They produced first-rate talkers, and suitable houses for them to talk in. Their table manners were, till fairly recently, lax. They have always been prone to religious controversy; they showed, from even pre-feudal days, a keen sense of the distinction between the classes. . . . I have praised Miss Macaulay's brilliant use of quotation, and the range of the sources from which she quotes. I cannot express the discomfort (owing to lack of space) of being unable as frequently to quote her. Not only is the whole tone of her book sympathetic—she likes order, she admires tradition, and she does not see why people should not enjoy themselves—but each of her paragraphs is, in itself, a gem. Into what might have been a work of mere information, she has blown magic, making a work of art.

Love on the Move

A CHARACTERISTIC of Mr. Cecil Roberts's novel, *One Small Candle* (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.), is its characters' rapid movements about the place, in pursuit of success, duty or love. It begins at Henley, and ends in a Polish castle—or, rather, with the flight from a Polish castle in the chaos of September 1939. There have been interim episodes in Florida and on the Brenta, Venice. Charles Woodfall, the hero, is one of those young men whose character, threatened by success, is saved by love. The heroine, Laura, is, on the other hand, unspoiled by Hollywood. I found faults of construction in this novel, and too many conventions, but read it with interest, all the same.

American Doctor

DR. FREDERICK LOOMIS, author of *Consultation Room*, now follows up with *The Bond Between Us* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), which should be equally popular. Anecdotes about women patients are interspersed with musings on human nature. Dr. Loomis, if here and there sentimental, is always discreet, and never in doubtful taste. If the story of little Marian made my hair curl, I feel sure Dr. Loomis did not intend it to.



Lt. Edward Canning-Freeman

Serge Rodzianko did this drawing of the author of "*Dalmatian Dreams*." The book is written and illustrated by Lieut. Freeman-Canning, and published by the Yugoslav Relief Society, which is to benefit by all profits on the sales. Queen Marie, Patroness of the Society, has written a foreword

Famous Sayings

“The time has come
for a call to Austerity”

— LORD WOOLTON
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



The City Fur Store's clients will be delighted to hear that they have returned to London; it will be recalled that earlier in the war their premises were "blitzed." The new salons are at 110, New Bond Street, where they are making a feature of hard-wearing furs which at the same time are distinctive. To them must be given the credit of the Civet Cat Coat portrayed above, the markings of which are very attractive. The length is just right, as it comes well down over the hips. Again, there are Indian lamb and ponyskin coats. Great care has been exercised to introduce individual notes. Blended musquash may likewise be recommended for hard wear; again, there are squirrel coats which have a slimming effect. Decorative coats for the debutante, primarily destined for informal social functions, may also be seen



A very interesting exhibition of Utility clothes for men and women was recently held at Simpsons, Piccadilly. The models will be on view for some weeks and cannot fail to be of great assistance to all planning their winter wardrobes. How attractive these clothes may be was shown. The model portrayed above can only be bought at Simpsons: it was designed by Hartnell, and carried out by Berkertex, and is made of a material with a tweed effect, the yoke and sleeves being plain. It seems almost unnecessary to add that everything is being sold under the Government price-controlled scheme. The highest price for a suit is 97s. 4d., while there are others for 92s. 11d. Wonderful value is represented in winter coats priced at £5 2s. 11d., while others at 78s. 3d. are half-lined. It cannot be too widely disseminated that this firm will remake a man's coat for a woman so that no one will have any idea of its origin



It is in simple tailor-mades that Finnigan's, New Bond Street, excel, as well as in sports outfits, cardigans, pullovers and twin sets. In every case coupons may be laid out to the greatest advantage. Portrayed on the left is an ideal winter ensemble in which checked and plain fabrics are seen in happy unison: note how cleverly the coat silhouettes the figure. The dress is arranged with revers and is endowed with a cross-over effect. An innovation is an adjustable vest of a contrasting colour, and the innate attraction of this model must be seen to be appreciated. Naturally the vest may be varied from time to time. Suits in checks in which unusual shades such as coral, ochre and lime are introduced are well represented. Woollies, too, are well to the fore, and are sure to be needed as soon as the cold weather arrives

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF SMART WOOL FROCKS



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Model Gown Department

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Para-bomph

SET a bomber to catch a bomber seems to be the policy in the air—but not on the ground. It was because I believe that only those with the fullest knowledge and understanding of bombing practice and possibility are able to devise successful counter-measures to it that I suggested the other day that the tactical employment of the civil defence workers should be handed over from the Ministry of Home Security to the Air Ministry.

General Valle, tabulating aerial bombing targets in order of vulnerability, put centres of population first. They are the easiest to hit and, when hit, they receive most damage when damage is measured in deaths. So if people and not property are the first things to be protected in air raids people should—so far as possible—be dispersed from the target areas at night.

Yet the tactical scheme—if it can be called a scheme—adopted by the Home Office and Ministry of Home Security is to assemble in the great cities by night, hosts of civil defence workers who would not otherwise be there. In other words the cities are artificially turned from empty shells into centres of population. It is arranged that where there's a house, there's a human, and the German airman, when he hits a building, can be sure that he has also hit a man.

Good Intentions

DO not mistake me. The intentions of the Ministry of Home Security are the best in the world. Mr. Morrison and his myrmidons have been carried away—as far less emotional men might well be—by the heroism and devotion to duty of the fire services and civil defence workers in general.

Their astonishing achievements during the raiding of 1940 and 1941; the way they worked on while the bombs were still falling; their complete disregard of personal safety—these things are written in history and will always be remembered. But because these men and women accepted great risks in the past, there is no reason to force them to accept greater risks in the future unless there is sound and solid need. And the risks will be greater. They will be very much greater. That does not seem to have been fully appreciated by the Ministry of Home Security.

The German is always willing to learn. He has been taught a great deal by the ultra-concentrated

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

cascade raiding performed by the Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force. He has noticed how effective it is in shutting down and disorganising civil defences. He will not be too proud to imitate it.

Solutions

IN my view we have now reached the stage in bombing which shelling reached in 1914–1918. The intensity of the discharges can be such that men must not be called upon to face them without protection. The civil defence workers seem to me (and I speak with all diffidence) to be placed in the same sort of position that the infantry soldiers would have been in 1914–18 if there had been no trenches and dug-outs.

Ponderous pronouncements are made by the Ministry about the lavatory accommodation for women fire watchers. There is spirited argument about where women should be employed in civil defence. Let these things continue. They are amusing. But let us not forget the more serious side of civil defence—the side that is concerned with real protection for real people. Fresh ideas to meet fresh bombing methods are urgently required. The Air Ministry could provide them and so the tactical employment of the civil defence workers should become an Air Ministry responsibility.

Naming Them

A ROYAL Air Force friend who has a passion for inventing collective terms like “herd” of elephant and “gaggle” of geese sends me a list of appropriate terms for nearly all British, U.S., German, Italian and Japanese aircraft now in general use. Some of the best terms, though appropriate, are unprintable; but a few of the others are quite good.

A “hunch” of Hurricanes is descriptive though exactly why I do not know unless it be something to do with the humped top line of the fuselage; a “spittoon” of Spitfires is too obvious; but I like a “bluster” of Typhoons and an “oberst”

of Messerschmitt 109Fs (there is a subtle point here for those familiar with the performance of this machine).


All of which reminds me that there is really only one collective word for a group of aeroplanes flying together and that is a “formation”. But this word implies symmetry and there does seem to be a need for a word which could be used for any group or cluster of machines not necessarily in any formal arrangement.

And in the description of a formation I would like to see more uniformity in the terms. Distance, for instance, is fore and aft measurement between the rolling plane of one machine and another; interval, the measurement between looping planes and gap, between yawing planes. Useful additional terms, though they are really incorporated in those mentioned—are depth and stagger. There is need for improving the language of formation flying because development of tactics depends in some measure upon the ability to discuss freely and clearly formation manoeuvres.

George Stainforth

I MUST add a word about my friend Wing Commander G. H. Stainforth, who was killed while on flying duties in the Middle East. He was, in my firm belief, the finest air pilot who has ever lived. It was an experience to watch him performing aerobatics—no matter what the type of machine. His aerobatics repertoire included a great many of the less well-known manoeuvres, such as the inverted falling leaf, an inverted spin and everything he did was polished and exact. His flying when he set up a world's speed record was a study in itself. I watched that historic event and afterwards a well-known Rolls-Royce engineer told me that George Stainforth was that rare combination, a pilot of unlimited daring—who would push things to the limit—yet who had the true mechanical sense and therefore treated his engine well.

Stainforth naturally gravitated to Spitfires when war broke out and, in spite of his age, did operational work of the highest value. I know that the Royal Air Force—which has so many fine pilots—will never have a finer than he. He was in every sense a great man and he has left an indelible mark on aeronautical history. That is his reward for the great risks he took so often and so courageously.



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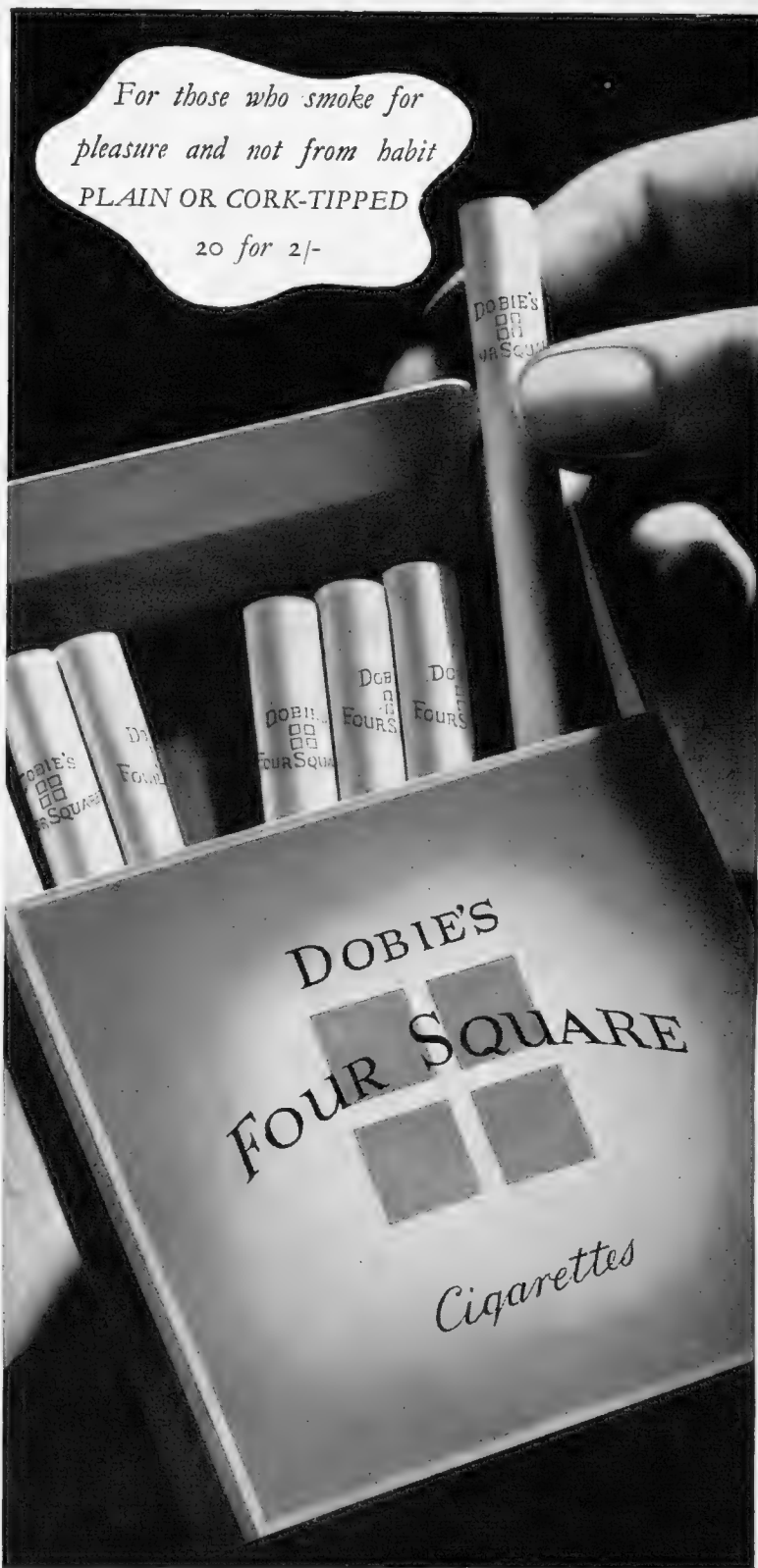
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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

An admiral stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal ribbon was an inch or so too low. Fixing the man with his eye the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?" "No, sir," replied the sailor in surprise. "Then," snapped the admiral, "why the deuce do you wear it on your stomach?"

THE two small boys had been taken by their mother to lunch at a well-known restaurant, and the younger of the two began to say grace. His brother promptly corrected him. "You don't say grace here," he pointed out, "mother's paying."

A COUPLE from Edinburgh went to visit relatives in Glasgow. Leaving Glasgow station they saw a queue, and the wife announced her intention of standing in it. She got a pound of tomatoes.

Farther down the street they saw another queue, and again she joined in. She got a box of face-powder. Then they saw another queue.

This time the husband offered to stand in. He got vaccinated.

THE following is a true story told by a certain clergyman. An elderly lady of determined aspect took a seat in a front pew of his church. When the clergyman began his sermon, she opened a little wooden box and extracted an elaborate hearing device, which she arranged, screwed together, and adjusted to her ear. After two or three minutes, she removed the receiver, unscrewed the mechanism, and packed its component parts snugly away again in the box. And the preacher had to preach on.

"AND what would you do," asked the chairman of the Appeal Board, "if a German attacked your mother?" "I'd bet three to one on mum," replied the conscientious objector.

AN old farming couple had two evacuees billeted on them. Soon the cat disappeared, and the old dame asked if they had seen it.

"Yes, we drowned it," was the prompt reply, "and we don't like your old man, either."

THERE was a weekend A.R.P. exercise in a Scottish town, and one of the "casualties" had to lie down till he was taken away by the ambulance.

When the ambulance arrived, the driver found his patient lying flat on his back with his gas mask on. "What's the idea?" he asked. "There's no' a gas warning."

"I know that," was the muffled reply from within the mask, "but I'm an elder o' the kirk, and if onybody sees me lying on the pavement outside a pub on Saturday afternoon, my reputation's gone for life!"

JEAN GABIN, the French film actor, upon his arrival in New York recently, was asked what was the French attitude towards the British.

"We are both pro and anti-British," he said. "Those who are pro-British say each night in their prayers: 'Please, God, let the gallant British win quickly.' Those who are anti-British say each night in their prayers: 'Please, God, let the dirty British win right away.'"

THE novelist's small son had been brought to book for telling a lie. He sat for a long time in silent thought.

"Dad," he said at last, "how long will it be before I stop getting licked for telling lies and begin to get paid for them like you do?"



Mr. Bertram Wallis Celebrates his Jubilee

On the opening night of "Waltz Without End" at the Cambridge Theatre, Mr. Bertram Wallis who plays Chopin's publisher, celebrated his fiftieth year on the stage. He was born in Camberwell and first appeared in "Masks and Faces" at the Pavilion, Folkestone. He was with Ben Greet's Company and acted with Sir George Alexander for two years. He has shared dressing-rooms with such well-known stage personalities as Fred Terry, II, B. Irving, C. Aubrey Smith and H. V. Esmond.

EARTH flew in all directions as the crimson-faced would-be golfer attempted to strike the ball.

"My word," he blurted to his caddie, "the world will think there's an earthquake."

"I don't know," replied the caddie, "the world round here are crafty. I'll bet most of them are hiding under the ball for safety."

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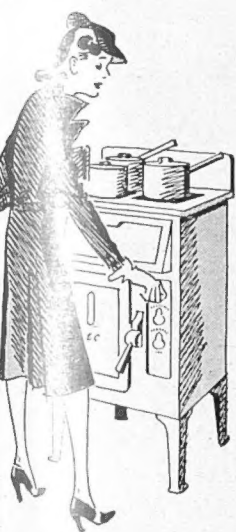
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Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala
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THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

MEN who care for their teeth...



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Men who want to keep their teeth strong and white vote for Tek, the one size, one shape toothbrush. 92 out of every 100 dentists consulted said that Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made, so if you

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Tek 2/-

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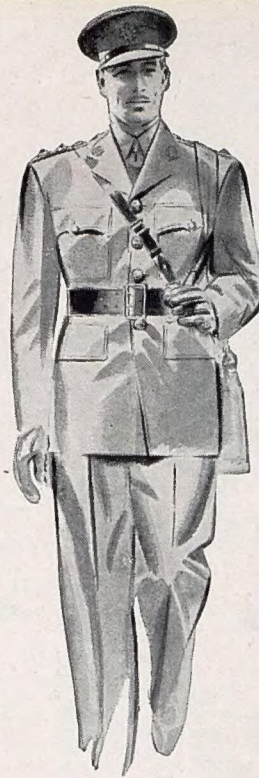
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A Classic Weather Coat
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Like most things these days, Wetherdair are in short supply and it may mean that you will have to go out of your district to obtain one. If you do, it will be worth the trouble.

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**COME AND SEE US
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Signet
By
JOYCE
(CALIFORNIA)

Stung, perhaps, by the lack of **joyce** Shoes in his own country, the enemy has peevishly made quite a target of the place where they are made here. It

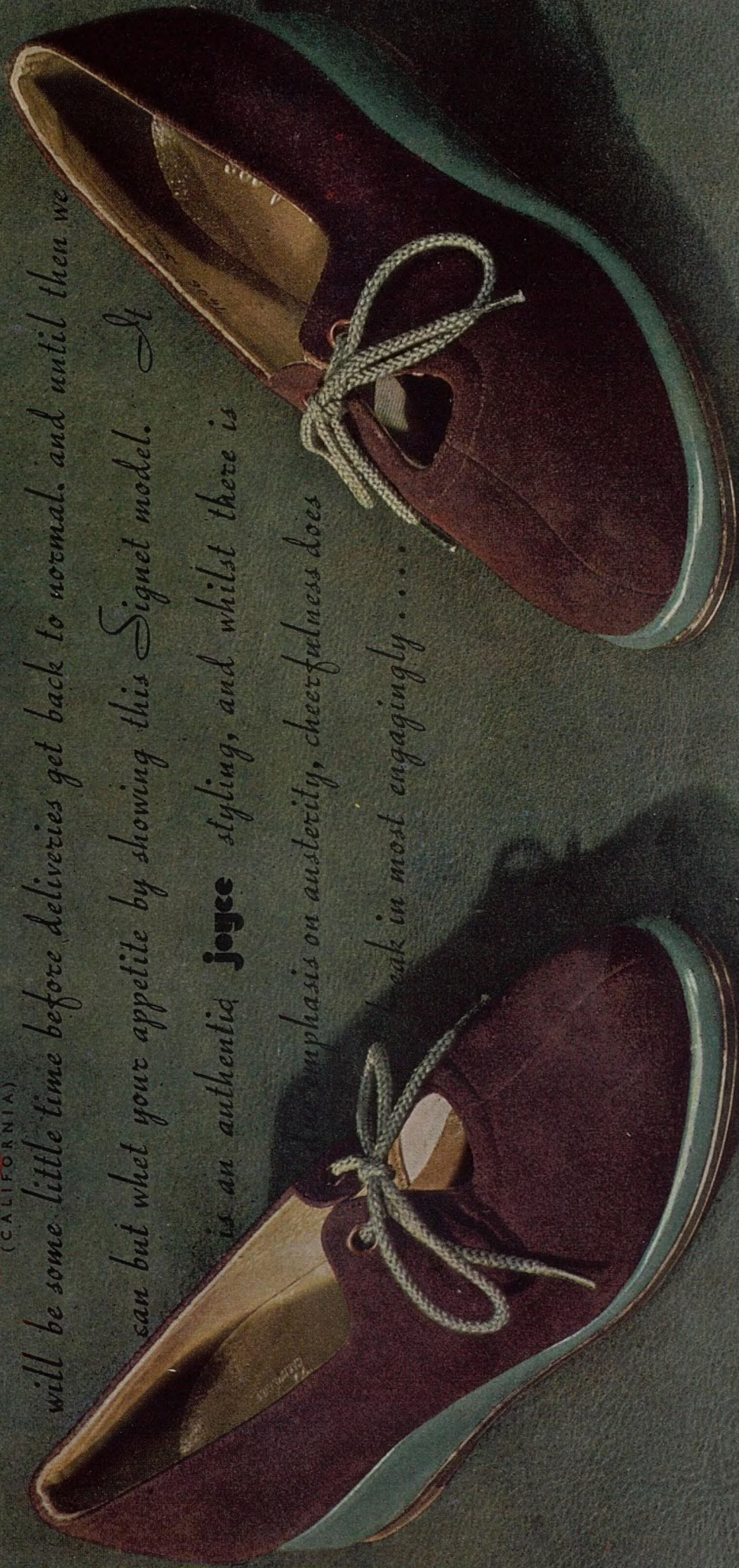
will be some little time before deliveries get back to normal, and until then we

can but whet your appetite by showing this Signet model. It

is an authentic **joyce** styling, and whilst there is

an emphasis on austerity, cheerfulness does

break in most engagingly



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It never varies